THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 20, 1802.

On DECIPATION.

THE original word, properly ſignifies to diſperſe, or ſcatter: ſo the ſun decipates or ſcatters the clouds. The wind decipates or ſcatters the duſt, and by an eaſy metaphor, our thoughts are ſaid to be decipated, when they are irregularly ſcattered up and down. In like manner, our deſires are decipated, when they are unhinged from God, their proper center, and ſcattered to and fro amongſt the poor periſhing, unſatisfying things of the world. And indeed it may be ſaid of every man that is a ſtranger to the grace of God, that all his paſſions are decipated.

Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeaſurably far from God.

Decipation then in general may be defined—The uncentering the ſoul from God. Hence we may eaſily learn, what is the proper, and direct meaning of that common expreſſion *a decipated man*. He is a man that is ſeparated from God his center. Whether this be occaſioned, by hurry of buſineſs: by ſeeking honour or preferment, or by fondneſs of diverſions, or for any trifle under the ſun. The vulgar, it is true, commonly confine this character to thoſe who are violently attached to women—gameing—drinking—dancing—racing, &c. But it equally belongs to the ſerious perſon who forgets God, by a cloſe attention, to any worldly employment, ſuppoſe it were of the moſt elegant or the moſt important kind. A man may be as much decipated from God, by the ſtudy of the mathematicks, or aſtronomy, as by fondneſs for cards or hounds. Whoever is habitually inattentive to the preſence and will of God his Creator, he is a decipated man.

Deſcription of the Porticos of Hermopolis.

[From Kendal's Tranſlation of Denon's Travels.]

ON approaching the eminence, on which the portico has been built, M. Denon ſaw it riſe above the horizon, and diſplay its gigantic forms; he croſſed the canal of Abû-Aſſi, and climbing over mountains of ruins, he reached this beautiful remain of the higheſt antiquity.

I ſighed, ſays M. Denon, with happineſs: this, ſo to ſay, was the firſt fruit of all the labour I had performed: with the exceptions of the pyramids, it was the firſt monument that preſented me with a model of the antique Egyptian architecture, the firſt ſtones that had preſerved their primitive order, which, without mixture or alteration, had remained four thouſand years to give me an immenſe idea of the arts, and their perfection in this country. A peaſant, brought from the cottages of his hamlet, and ſuddenly placed before an edifice like his, would believe that there was a wide interval between himſelf and the creatures by whom it was conſtructed: without an idea of architecture, he would ſay, this is the houſe of a god: a man would not dare to inhabit it. Was it the Egyptians who invented and perfected this fine, this noble art? This is a queſtion to which it is difficult to reply; but what I have never doubted of from the moment I beheld the portico of Hermopolis is this, that the Greeks never invented or performed any thing of a grander character.

There are in this architecture parts which, conſidered by themſelves, or reduced into drawings, appear ſomewhat uncouth; but, in their maſs, they awe criticiſm: here, we dare neither adopt nor reject; but what we cannot but admire is the beauty of the principal lines, the perfection of the workmanſhip, and the diſpoſition of the ornaments, which produce a richneſs when near, without taking from the ſimplicity, that produces the great. The immenſe number of hieroglyphics which cover all the parts of this edifice not only have no relief, but they do not cut a ſingle line; they diſappear at the diſtance of twenty paces, and leave the architecture all its gravity. Half buried, among the eminences, at two hundred toiſes from the portico, are enormous maſſes of ſtone, and ſubſtructions, which appear to have been thoſe belonging to an edifice of which ſome columns of granite, buried, and ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable above the ſurface, made a part: further off, but ſtill among the ruins of the great Hermopolis, is built a moſk, adorned with many columns of cipoline marble, of middling height, and all retouched by the Arabs; beyond this is the large village of Aſhmûnin, peopled with nearly five thouſand inhabitants, to whom we were a curioſity as extraordinary as their temple had been to us.

Hermopolis,

Hermopolis, or the great city of Mercury, the capital of the thirty-fifth nome, was built by Iſhmûn, the ſon of Miſraim. To give ſome idea of the coloſſal proportions of the portico of its temple, it will be ſufficient to ſay that the diameter of its columns is eight feet ten inches: their diſtances the ſame; that of the two columns of the center, within which the door is compriſed, is near twelve feet; which, together, give a hundred and twenty feet for the facade of the portico: its height is ſixty feet. The architrave is compoſed of five ſtones of twenty-two feet each in length; the frize the ſame; the only ſtone which remains of the cornice is thirty-four feet: theſe details may convey an idea at once of the ſkill poſſeſſed by the Egyptians in raiſing theſe enormous maſſes, and of the magnificence of the materials they employed. The ſtones are of a free-ſtone of the fineneſs of marble: they are joined only by the exactneſs of their laying. With reſpect to the plan of the temple nothing can be diſcovered of its outward walls or of its nave. The ſecond rank of columns was incloſed to the height of the door: the reſt were entirely open; it appears probable that the part immediately behind theſe was not the nave or ſacred part of the temple, but a border or a kind of court by which this was preceded. What authorizes this opinion is, that the frize and cornice have on this ſide the ſame ornaments and projections as on the ſide of the entrance-front. The ſhafts of the column reſemble faſces, or bundles of ſticks, and the baſe the foot of the plant *lotus*, at its riſing from the root. The capitals have no analogy with any known capital; but they hold the ſame ſtation, the gravity of the Egyptian architecture allowed for, as the capital of the Doric, in the architecture of the Greeks, and it may be ſaid that the former is richer than the latter. All the other members have their correſpondents in the Grecian architecture: on the aſtragal of either ſide of the portico, and under the roof between the two columns of the center, are winged globes, emblems repeated in the ſame place, in all Egyptian temples. The hieroglyphics which are on the crowns of the capitals are all ſimilar, and all the ceilings are decorated with a meander compoſed of ſtars, painted of the aurora-colour, on a blue ground.

PAMROSE; *or, the* PALACE *and the* COT.

(Continued from Page 476.)

AS the charming Amelia ſpoke theſe words, and hung, enraptured, over her babe, the prince, her huſband, returning from the chace, came into the room. He was what is commonly called a good prince—that is, he was neither unpoliſhed, nor haughty: in the ſtreets, and in the field, he always took off his

hat to every one that ſaluted him in his palace, he talked affably enough with the courtiers; and, to the ladies, he was perfectly polite. In ſhort, he wore a continual ſmile on his face; and, not unfrequently, broke out into loud burſts of laughter: and all ranks of people ſpoke highly of his "extreme good nature." This diſpoſition, however, that was thus vaunted by every mouth, ſhewed itſelf in no other manner. This good prince never gave any thing away; never entertained a friendſhip, or affection, for any perſon; never thought of reading; was continually engaged in hunting; and, every day, paſſed five or ſix hours at table. Nevertheleſs, whenever his favourite, Count Sekendorf, adviſed him to do a good action, which was but very ſeldom, he made a point of conſenting. Immediately all the German newſpapers vied with each other, in celebrating the benevolence, and popular goodneſs, of his moſt ſerene highneſs; who, perfectly well ſatisfied with his excellent reputation, really believed that he poſſeſſed all the good qualities requiſite to form an illuſtrious prince.

The virtuous Amelia had but little influence over the mind of her huſband, who by no means approved of her ſuckling her children; for the Count De Sekendorf, and the Baroneſs De Klakenberg, thought it very ſtrange for a ſovereign princeſs to turn nurſe. The example of Blanche, mother of St. Louis, might have been brought forward in her behalf; but theſe antique uſages, of ſo barbarous an age, ought not to be propoſed as models! Queen Blanche certainly poſſeſſed ſkill enough to manage the government of a kingdom. She brought up her ſon well, ſhe was of courteous manners, and did not want talents: but, in the main, ſhe was a mere bigot. Beſides, ſhe wore a petticoat, and pockets; was neither Grecian, nor philoſopher; and, as for her intelligence, and political knowledge, who would think of comparing her to our ſtateſwomen? who, in the balance of their wondrous wiſdom, have weighed all the different forms of government; and, at once, profeſs themſelves—as indeed they may, with equal propriety, in all—deep politicians, profound metaphyſicians, infallible tacticians, and even prophets. For theſe learned females predicted, when our enemies had for ſix years been every where overcome, that we ſhould, at the laſt, triumph over them: they propheſied, when Bonaparte had ſubjugated all Italy, that Bonaparte would beat the Auſtrians. They foretold, alſo, as ſoon as Bonaparte had re-eſtabliſhed tranquillity; had offered peace to the enemy; and had recalled the fugitives; that this hero would ſave France! and that all parties would unite in admiring, in bleſſing, and in honouring him. Such were the predictions of theſe profeſſed ſibyls! If they were not very wonder-ſtriking, they were, at leaſt, accompliſhed!

But

But let us return to the Princeſs Amelia. She told her huſband, with the moſt intereſting ſimplicity, the adventure which ſhe had ſo lately met with. The prince, who never ventured to judge for himſelf, was not perfectly aſſured of what he ought to think on this occaſion. He, therefore, quitted the princeſs, and went to the houſe of the Baroneſs De Klakenberg, being certain of finding his favourite there, who always paid his viſits, at the ſame hour, for twenty years together. The prince mentioned the ſtory which his wife had juſt communicated to him. They told him, that the woman was dying; and obſerved, that the princeſs had been guilty of a very great imprudence, in ſuckling the child; for that, no doubt, it was in a very unwholeſome ſtate, as the mother was not likely to live. The prince knit his brows; and ſent for Profeſſor Gottingen, his phyſician. The baroneſs ſignified her approbation of this order: and the count obſerved, that it was abſolutely indiſpenſable to conſult ſome ſkilful phyſician on the occaſion.

The prince, proud of having ſtarted this luminous idea from his own head, ſeveral times repeated, with a moſt ſagacious air, that he would take care and make the profeſſor explain himſelf compleatly on this buſineſs. This, however, was no very eaſy matter to undertake: for Profeſſor Gottingen was a myſterious and ſilent empiric, who never ſpoke but in monoſyllables. However, when preſſed rather home, he always was cautious enough to deliver his ſentiments with a ſafe ambiguity. He attended, as he was ordered; and heard the prince with much attention, and apparent conſternation. At length, after ſome minutes of deep thought, he declared, it was abſolutely requiſite that he ſhould examine the woman, his highneſs's child, and the milk of the princeſs. All which was accordingly done. The unfortunate princeſs received a ſevere reprimand from her huſband. The profeſſor preſcribed two or three phials of a ſyrup of his own compoſition for the princeſs to take; and ordered her to wean the young prince, who was now eight months old. Amelia promiſed to do whatever ſhe was ordered: but, as ſoon as ſhe was by herſelf, ſhe threw the phials of ſyrup out of the window; and continued to ſuckle her babe, which ſhe did, without being found out, for three or four months. In the mean while, the poor female peaſant having died at the end of two days, the phyſician gained, from this circumſtance, great reputation. His medicines were ſaid to have preſerved the princeſs from ſome dreadful malady: and it was obſerved, that it was very fortunate, indeed, that the young prince was weaned, for the profeſſor had publicly declared, that the milk of the princeſs was no better than poiſon! Notwithſtanding all this, the little daughter of the deceaſed peaſant thrived aſtoniſhingly: but the profeſſor properly obſerved, that there was a ſcorbutic and ſcrophulous

phulous humour lurking in its blood; which would, ſooner or later, ſhew itſelf.

Amelia, who had interrogated the peaſant, learned that this unfortunate woman was in poſſeſſion of a ruinated cottage, near Bingen; and, that her huſband, who was ſick, and had been confined to his bed for two months, dwelt in the hut. The princeſs had ſent him ſome ſupport; and, three days after his wife's death, ſhe determined to go and viſit this wretched peaſant. The prince being out hunting, Amelia, accompanied only by the Baron De Sargans—an old lord, for whom ſhe had great reſpect—and by a waiting woman whom ſhe admitted to her confidence in matters of this kind, got into a coach, and repaired to Bingen.

The peaſant, whoſe name was Herman, had heard two days before of the death of his wife. Amelia found him ſtill very ill, and in deep affliction. This Herman was about thirty years of age; naturally ſenſible; of a noble turn of mind; and an original character. The ſon of a rich merchant at Mayence, he had received a good education, and had purſued his ſtudies till he was eighteen: but, at this period, his father became a bankrupt, and, a little while after, died. The young Herman, finding himſelf without reſource, reſolved to enliſt into the army. Two years he ſerved in the king of Pruſſia's army, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf very much: at the expiration of which term, having obtained his releaſe, he married a young Sileſian; and returning, with her, into his native country, bought a ſmall cottage, and two acres of land, near Bingen. But, bad crops, grief, and illneſs, had involved him in the moſt horrid ſtate of wretchedneſs! His unhappy wife, not having for two days taſted a morſel of food, had taken the reſolution of making an application to the princeſs; but, not having been able to purſue her journey, ſhe muſt have periſhed on the bank of the Rhine, had it not been for Amelia's beneficence.

"I am come," ſaid Amelia, to the miſerable Herman, "to make you a propoſal: I feel as if I had been the mother of your child, who received, from me, that maternal ſuccour, which has ſaved its life. Are you willing to leave it with me? I will bring it up: and will take on myſelf its eſtabliſhment in the world." Herman ſighed; and, after a moment's ſilence—"She belongs to you, Madam," ſaid he; "had it not been for you, ſhe had ſhared the ſame fate with her poor mother! I ought to leave her with you; and, what can I do for her, ſhould I take her home?"—"No, Herman," replied the princeſs; "it is not my wiſh, that your neceſſities ſhould oblige you to make this ſacrifice! I will inſtantly order you a penſion; which, in your condition of life, will afford you competency: whether you yield your daughter to my care, or whether you take her to yourſelf, this penſion is your's. Here, I preſent you with the

firſt year in advance. Beſides which, I will have your dwelling repaired, and furniſhed. I will alſo increaſe your little eſtate; and, if you have a wiſh to keep your daughter, I make you my promiſe to give her a portion as ſoon as ſhe ſhall be of an age to marry. Now, what do you determine on?" Saying this, Amelia laid a purſe on a wooden ſtool. Herman, inſtead of anſwering her, looked at Amelia ſtedfaſtly, his eyes filling with tears—"Well," ſaid ſhe, much affected; "do you, then intruſt her to me?"—"Give her, Madam, your virtues; and ſhe is your's: to do this, will be to beſtow the greateſt benefit on me that human nature can afford; yet, give me leave to refuſe your penſion."—"What ſay you?"—"No, Madam, you muſt not extend your protection to an idle man. To ſuccour an unfortunate wretch, who deſerves not the diſtreſs he ſuffers, is altogether worthy of you; but let this ſuccour be confined to affording him the means of returning to his labour."

The princeſs, ſurpriſed and delighted with the ſentiments and language of Herman, queſtioned him with that lively degree of intereſt which ſo naturally inſpires confidence. Herman told her his hiſtory: and, after a long converſation, it was determined that, in ſpite of the latter's generous reſiſtance, he ſhould, at all events, keep the purſe, although he perſiſted in his obſtinate refuſal of the penſion; that the cottage ſhould be repaired, and finiſhed; and that he ſhould have a few cows, and three or four acres of land.

The princeſs had ſome very handſome ear-rings, which her mother left her: theſe ſhe ſecretly ſold, for ten thouſand francs, which were employed in raiſing Herman's little fortune; who, in the courſe of a few months, found himſelf in poſſeſſion of a good houſe, a large dairy, a meadow, a field of corn, and an extenſive garden. Amelia, when ſhe beheld plenty and peace, where ſhe had witneſſed only indigence and deſpair—when ſhe liſtened to the bleſſings heaped on her by a virtuous and grateful man—ſaid, within herſelf, while her heart glowed with the conſciouſneſs of her good deeds—"All this is the produce of thoſe heavy pendants, which only ſerved to tear my ears. Can there any where exiſt the woman, whoſe ſoul is ſo abject, or whoſe nature is ſo degraded, as to induce her to prefer, to the happineſs which I experience, the childiſh gratification of wearing brilliant ear-drops?"

No, we will not ſo greatly ſcandalize human nature, as to ſuppoſe, for a moment, that any woman, in the ſituation in which Amelia ſpoke this, would have entertained any other opinion than that which ſhe expreſſed. But there are few who would willingly ſubject themſelves to ſuch a proof! When a female has no diamonds, ſhe wiſhes for them; when ſhe has them, ſhe is deſirous of keeping them: perſons grow unfeeling through habit, forgetfulneſs, or ignorance. To become attached

to

to virtue, we muſt become acquainted with it: for if trifling purſuits are generally preferred to the practice of beneficence, it is materially for want of virtuous effort!

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT *from a* LETTER *of the* REV. MR. HERVEY.

"NOW I apprehend myſelf to be near the cloſe of life, and ſtand, as it were, on the brink of the grave, perhaps my dear friend would be willing to know my ſentiments of things in this awful ſituation: at ſuch a juncture, the mind is moſt unprejudiced, and the judgement not ſo liable to be dazzled by the glitter of worldly objects.—I think then, dear Sir, that we are extremely miſtaken, and ſuſtain a mighty loſs in our moſt important intereſt by reading ſo much, and praying ſo little. Was I to enjoy Hezekiah's grant, and have fifteen years added to my life, I would be much more frequent in my application to the throne of grace.

"I have read of a perſon who was often retired, and on his knees, in frequent and fervent devotion; being aſked the reaſon of this ſo ſingular behaviour, he replied, 'Becauſe I am ſenſible I muſt die.'

"I aſſure you, my dear friend, I feel the weight of this anſwer; I ſee the wiſdom of this procedure: and was my ſpan to be lengthened, would endeavour always to remember the one, and daily to imitate the other. I think alſo, we fail in our duty by ſtudying God's holy word no more.

"I have, for my part, been too fond of reading every thing elegant and valuable that has been penned in our own language, and have been particularly charmed with the hiſtorians, orators, and poets of antiquity. But was I to renew my ſtudies, I would take my leave of thoſe accompliſhed trifles, I would reſign the delights of *modern wit, amuſements, and eloquence*, and devote my attention to the ſcriptures of truth; I would ſit with much greater aſſiduity at my Divine Maſter's feet, and deſire to know nothing but Jeſus Chriſt, and him crucified.

"JAMES HERVEY."

Melancholy Conſequence of an Attempt at Æroſtation.

A Frenchman, of the name of C. Olivari, left Paris on the 11th of November, 1802, to go to Orleans, with an intention of making an æroſtatic experiment, according to the proceſs of Montgolfier. He attempted two different days to inflate his balloon, but without ſucceſs; at length, to gratify the

impatience of the public, who had twice repaired in great crowds to the place where the experiment was to be performed, he determined, on the 25th, to make a third trial, after taking the neceſſary meaſures to cauſe his machine to aſcend.

At half after twelve the balloon was inflated, and retained only by ſome cords. C. Olivari, deſirous to realize the promiſe he had made in hand-bills to aſcend in his machine, fixed to the extremity of it an oſier baſket, covered with paper, and put into it various combuſtibles and ſpirituous liquors to maintain the fire in the chaffing-diſh, which was fixed between this frail-baſket and the balloon.—He then entered the baſket, after having formally aſſured the members of the adminiſtration who were preſent that there would be no danger; he then cauſed the cords to be looſened. He ſoon roſe with ſuch rapidity, that he diſappeared in three minutes from the ſpectators; the weather, indeed, was cloudy, and the horizon was covered by a thick fog.

At one o'clock the mayor of the commune of Fleury, diſtant about a league from the place where the balloon aſcended, was informed by a farmer that a man had fallen from the clouds in the neighbourhood of the place where he had been at work. The mayor, after aſcertaining the truth of this fact, immediately ſent notice to the prefect of the department, and the latter informed the mayor of Orleans, who went to the ſpot, where he ſaw that the body found was that of C. Olivari, who had ſet out from Orleans in his balloon half an hour before his fall.

On ſearching in the environs of the body, ſeveral fragments of the baſket were found; and it evidently appeared that the only ſupport of this unfortunate æronaut had been conſumed by fire. It is ſuppoſed that ſome ſparks from the chaffing diſh had fallen on the too combuſtible matters with which C. Olivari was ſurrounded, and rendered him the victim of his imprudence, and perhaps alſo of his unſkilfulneſs.—The balloon diſengaged from its ballaſt continued its route, and it is not known where it fell.

Engliſhmen not bound to anſwer Queſtions tending to criminate themſelves.

IN the courſe of a trial which came on in the court of King's Bench, on the 9th of December, 1802, Butterfield, a common informer, was aſked in croſs examination, whether he had not been in the houſe of correction at Lewes?

Lord Ellenborough immediately interpoſed, and ſtopped the queſtion. He ſaid, that he conſidered the putting ſuch a queſtion was contrary to the law of England. It had been decided

In Cook's caſe by Mr. Juſtice Ireby, who was a great lawyer, aſſiſted by Mr. Juſtice Powell, who was alſo a great lawyer, that a witneſs could not be examined to a matter which either "degraded him or made him infamous?" and in his opinion it was well it ſhould be ſo; for it would be very inconvenient for the purpoſes of juſtice, if witneſſes were to be examined to all the paſt circumſtances of their lives, which made them either infamous or contemptible. His lordſhip added, that their teſtimony, if impeachable, might be done by "adverſe evidence," and not by croſs examination of the witneſs's ſelf.

The next day, in another cauſe, Mr. Garrow put a ſimilar queſtion to a witneſs, when his lordſhip ſaid, "He muſt inform the witneſs he was not bound to anſwer it."

Mr. Garrow ſubmitted, that the rule went no farther than that a witneſs was not bound to anſwer a queſtion which tended to *criminate* himſelf, and ſubject him to puniſhment.

His lordſhip ſaid no! The rule was, that he ſhould not be aſked even to *degrade* himſelf. He added, that a witneſs, although pardoned, ſhould not be aſked whether he had not committed the crime of which he was pardoned, although by anſwering it, he could not put himſelf in danger, for he was ſhielded by the pardon.

Mr. Garrow and Mr. Erſkine admitted that other judges (Lord Eldon and Mr. Juſtice Lawrence) had laid down the ſame rule, but they ſubmiſſively doubted whether the law was ſo.

Lord Ellenborough replied, that ſitting there, and bound by his oath to declare the law as he underſtood it, he felt it his duty to ſay ſuch was the law of England, as he had above ſtated it. But as gentlemen of authority at the bar doubted it, he hoped they would take occaſion to tender him a bill of exceptions, in order that if he was in error, the error might be corrected by a ſolemn argument upon the queſtion.

Original Anecdotes of Dr. Oliver Goldſmith.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

IN the biographies of Goldſmith, it is mentioned, that he was for ſome time an aſſiſtant at an academy near town.—From a reſpectable lady (lately viſiting at my houſe), the daughter of the maſter of that academy, I have obtained the following particulars reſpecting Goldſmith, which, though inconſiderable, are not altogether undeſerving of attention.

The academy near town in which Dr. Goldſmith officiated as an aſſiſtant, was at Peckham, under the care of Dr. John Milner, who publiſhed a Greek and Latin grammar, which have been much

much eſteemed by the literary world. He was a diſſenting miniſter of eminence: and his funeral ſermon was preached by Dr. Samuel Chandler, well known for his able writings in behalf of Chriſtianity. Dr. Milner died about the year 1760, and Dr. Goldſmith was employed by him as an uſher near three years. He was not indeed with him at the time of his death; but ſo much was he reſpected by the widow and the family, that he was invited to return and take care of the ſeminary, which was continued ſome little time longer—with which requeſt he complied. Dr. Goldſmith came to Peckham from Richardſon, the celebrated novel-writer, at that period a printer near Blackfriars. Here he was occupied in correcting the preſs; and of Richardſon and his family he always ſpoke in terms of reſpect and gratitude. He had alſo at that time ſome acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the venerable proprietor and editor of the Monthly Review, to which reſpectable periodical publication he even then contributed articles of criticiſm. From this gentleman he received conſiderable patronage, and therefore to his kindneſs he often profeſſed himſelf much indebted.

Previous to his engagement at the academy, he had travelled through many parts of Europe, and was tolerably well acquainted with the Latin and French languages. Theſe he taught, and the latter he ſpoke with facility. As to his perſon, he was of middle ſtature, fair complexion, wore a large wig, ſlovenly in his dreſs, but poſſeſſing a benevolent countenance and a chearful demeanour. If he thought any one ſlighted him, or uſed him ill, it occaſioned a great dejection; but otherwiſe he was a moſt charming companion. He played frequently, but indifferently, on the German flute; in his converſation he diſcovered a very general acquaintance with books, and had a thorough knowledge of the cuſtoms and manners of mankind. In his diet he was very temperate—in his behaviour unaſſuming: and the young gentlemen were never ſo happy as when they could get him on a winter's evening to tell them anecdotes, with which his mind was well ſtored. But alas! he never was an oeconomiſt. Out of his ſcanty ſalary of *twenty* pounds a year, he frequently gave to perſons in diſtreſs—making a point of never ſending a *poor author* away without half a crown! He had not a few of theſe latter applications. Hence it was that he generally applied for his ſalary before it became due; and one day, upon an application of the kind to Mrs. Milner, ſhe ſmiling ſaid—"You had better, Mr. Goldſmith, let me keep your money for you as I do for ſome of the young gentlemen;" to which he replied, with great good humour, "In truth, Madam, there is equal need," and pleaſantly walked away.

Upon his leaving Peckham, he ſubſiſted on what his talents brought him as a writer; and once a relation of Dr. Milner being in company with him, he told him that Lord Bute had

ſolicited the aid of his pen—but that his reply was—"I will proſtitute my talents to no man!" The lady to whom I am indebted for theſe particulars, alſo informed me, that her brother, the late Dr. Milner, for many years a reſpectable phyſician at Maidſtone, once called on Goldſmith at the Temple, where he had very genteel lodgings, and a conſiderable library. But he was afterwards obliged to part with them on account of pecuniary embarraſſments. Indeed he was, like too many other literary characters, often ſtraitened in circumſtances, through an entire want of that humble but moſt eſſential virtue, economy.

SKETCH *of the* LIFE *of the Rev.* ROWLAND HILL.

[From "Public Characters of 1802-3."]

THE Rev. Rowland Hill is the brother of Sir Richard Hill, Bart. and received his education at Eton ſchool, a ſeminary where one ſhould leaſt expect that a ſcholar would imitate the rigorous and gloomy doctrines of calviniſm. This, however, he did, and ſhewed a ſtrong predilection for the eccentricities of methodiſm; which gave great offence to his father, who entertained an idea, that as his ſon was deſigned for the church, he would attain to the higheſt diſtinctions in his profeſſion.

"From Eton he removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded, with ſome reputation, to his degree of maſter of arts. The effervescence of his zeal was however ſo ſtrong, that he could not content himſelf within the limits preſcribed by the church for the exerciſe of the Chriſtian miniſtry; but before he was of proper age to enter into orders, he began to figure as a preacher among the methodiſts, eſpeciallly at the Tabernacle and at Tottenham-court chapel in London. Some of his friends, however, were rather diſpleaſed with his precipitancy, eſpecially Mr. Toplady, who, though he had the greateſt affection for him, was zealous for conformity to the rules of the eſtabliſhment. After this it was with great difficulty that Mr. Hill could procure either a title to orders, or the conſent of a biſhop to ordain him. At laſt the biſhop of Bath and Wells admitted him into the church on a curacy in his dioceſe; but whether he ever proceeded further than to deacon's orders is uncertain. He did not long continue ſtationary; for, in imitation of his great example, Whitfield, he began to ſhew off his talents and his zeal in barns, in meeting-houſes, and in ſtreets. His fame was ſoon ſpread far and wide; for though he never poſſeſſed the oratorical powers of his prototype, he had youth, warmth, pleaſantneſs, and high connections to recommend him. The ſon of a baronet gave conſequence to methodiſm, and he

was

was looked upon as another Eliſha ſucceeding to the mantle of the Elijah of the party, George Whitfield. When the controverſy raged ſo furiouſly between the calviniſtic and arminian methodiſts, Mr. Hill printed ſome very violent pamphlets againſt Mr. Weſley, whom he by no means treated with the reſpect due to his profeſſion and his years. Indeed, as a controvertiſt, our divine falls far ſhort of his brother the baronet, both in ſkill and temper.

On the death of Mr. Toplady, who had, with much commendable modeſty, forbidden any funeral diſcourſe to be preached at his interment, Mr. Hill was guilty of a pious fraud, which every liberal man will readily excuſe; he delivered an oration inſtead of a ſermon, in which he pronounced a warm eulogium on his departed friend.

In 1783 he laid the foundation of a large chapel, in Black-friars-road, which was opened in the courſe of the following year. This ſtructure is of an octagonal form, and though very ſpacious is conſtantly crowded. Mr. Hill regularly officiates at this chapel when in London; but he ſpends a conſiderable part of the ſummer in travelling, particularly into Scotland, as an itinerant miſſionary.

Mr. Hill is by no means a ſtrait-laced ſon of the eſtabliſhment; for he as readily preaches in a conventicle as in a church, and his own pulpit is open to men of all ſects, epiſcopalians, preſbyterians, independents, and baptiſts, ordained and unordained. Yet in his, as in moſt of the calviniſtical chapels belonging to the methodiſts, the church liturgy is read on Sundays; but we are informed, on the beſt authority, that the readers are not in orders.

The characters of Mr. Hill ſtands juſtly high in the eſtimation of his party, and we believe that he is ſincere in his profeſſions, and diſintereſted in his labours. Many curious anecdotes are told of his pulpit eloquence; for his ſermons are, and we ſpeak from perſonal knowledge, a ſtrange medley of incongruities. In the midſt of a ſolemn exhortation, and ſome vehement denunciation againſt ſinners, it is no unuſual thing for him to introduce a whimſical ſtory, which tends to diſcompoſe the muſcles of the graveſt old woman in the congregation. It muſt be allowed, however, that Mr. Hill poſſeſſes a *knack* of relating an anecdote, and that in general he introduces his tales with tolerable effect. But at times his love of a joke carries him to the very verge of decorum, as was once the caſe at St. John's church, in Wapping, where he was engaged to preach a charity ſermon. Obſerving that his auditory was very large, and made up in general of ſeafaring perſons, who are not celebrated for overmuch religion, he exclaimed, that he was come to preach to great ſinners, notorious ſinners, profane ſinners, aye, ſaid he, with peculiar emphaſis, and "WAPPING SINNERS." This climax operated

rated like an electric ſhock through all the congregation, and highly offended the inhabitants of that *polite* part of the town, who conceived themſelves materially inſulted by ſuch a debaſement of their place of abode.

In common converſation Mr. Hill is exceedingly enlivening, and has no feature of the fanatic. He abounds with pleaſant ſtories, and is very happy at a repartee. In diſpoſition he is liberal, and his charities are large. Thoſe benevolent inſtitutions, the ſoup ſocieties, owe their origin and eſtabliſhment to his philanthropy, and to his honour we ſpeak, his bountiful exertions are not confined within the pale of a particular ſect.

Two inſtances of his generoſity, as being well authenticated, we ſhall readily inſert in this ſketch. Being called upon one evening to viſit a ſick man, he found a poor emaciated creature in a wretched bed, without any thing to comfort him in his miſerable condition. Looking more narrowly, he obſerved that the man was actually without a ſhirt, on which he inſtantly ſtripped himſelf, and forced his own upon the reluctant, ſurprized, and grateful object; then buttoning himſelf up cloſe, he haſtened homewards, ſent all things that were neceſſary for the deſtitute being, provided medical aid, and had the ſatisfaction of reſtoring a fellow-creature to his family, and of placing him in a ſituation to provide for their ſupport.

The other anecdote is ſtill more remarkable. As he was once travelling alone, he was accoſted by a footpad, who, by the agitation of his voice and manner, appeared to be raw in his profeſſion. After delivering to the man his money and watch, curioſity prompted him to put a queſtion or two to him upon the motives which urged him to ſo deſperate a courſe. The man candidly confeſſed, that being out of employment, with a wife and children who were periſhing for want, deſpair had forced him to turn robber, but that this was the firſt act he had been engaged in. Mr. Hill communicated his name and addreſs, and told him if he would call upon him the next day he would ſee what could be done for him. The man came, and was taken into the ſervice of our divine, with whom he continued until his death. This adventure, it is ſaid, Mr. Hill related himſelf in the funeral ſermon which he delivered on the death of his domeſtic. Reſpecting ſuch circumſtances no comment is neceſſary; they ſpeak for themſelves, and will have a powerful effect upon every feeling heart.

NEW METHOD *of* CURING *a* CANCER.

WE copy the following article from an Edinburgh paper—it is an extract of a letter ſigned *Civis*;—

" While I was at Smyrna there was a girl afflicted with a cancer in her lips, and the gum was affected. The European phyſicians conſulted on the meaſure to be taken, and agreed that they ſaw no other method than to cut it out; and the girl had already ſubmitted herſelf to that deciſion. By an accident of that nature which men cannot account for, an old Armenian came to them juſt in time to prevent the application of the knife. " Do nothing," ſaid the Armenian, " I will cure her;" and when he had pledged himſelf ſtrongly the phyſicians conſented.

" He procured a copper veſſel newly tinned in the inſide (an eſſential circumſtance,) and having poured a certain quantity of olive oil into it, he made it boil over a ſmall fire, ſufficient to keep it gently agitated, and ſo for three times in twenty four hours. With this the oil reſolved itſelf to the conſiſtency of an ointment, and, by conſtantly rubbing the part affected, he cured her in fourteen days.—Nothing elſe was done.

" The phyſicians ſuppoſed that the oil received its virtue from the tin, and that it was communicated by its long boiling over the fire."

NEW MEANS *of* MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

M. Bernadin de St. Pierre has inſerted in the Moniteur an article of importance to navigators. He ſays, that a letter, or any diſpatches, put into a bottle properly cloſed will arrive ſooner or later at the ſhore. M. Leſcallier, colonial prefect of Guadaloupe, has ſent to M. Bernardin de St. Pierre a written paper, which lately arrived in this way at the iſland, after having performed a voyage of 200 leagues in two months and ſeven days. This is the fourth experiment of that kind. The firſt bottle thus prepared was thrown into the Bay of Biſcay the 17th Auguſt, 1786, and was diſcovered on the coaſt of Normandy, 9th of May, 1797. The ſecond was conſigned to the waves the 15th June, 1797, lat. 42. 22. to the eaſt of the meridian of Teneriffe. A ſoldier found it on the 6th of July, the ſame year, on the coaſt of Cape Prior. It had concluded a voyage of 120 leagues in leſs than three weeks; it was addreſſed to M. Bernardin de St. Pierre, by the French vice-conſul of Ferrol.

The third bottle ran through at leaſt nine hundred leagues; it was committed to the ſea two hundred leagues to the north of the Iſle of France, by a French captain in his paſſage to the Indies. It came to land at the Cape of Good Hope.

This novel means of correſpondence will not appear wholly immaterial when we conſider how many ſpirited adventurers are ſhipwrecked on remote and deſert coaſts, who may thus enume-

rate

rate the diſtreſſes of their ſituation, aſſured that every civilized country will liſten to the tale of afflicted humanity.

ACCOUNT *of a remarkable* DWARF.

BEBE, but whoſe real name was Nicholas Ferry, was born at Plaiſnes, in the department of Voſges. His father and mother were well made, notwithſtanding which, when he came into the world, he was only eight or nine inches in length, and weighed but twelve ounces. He was, beſides, extremely delicate. A wooden ſhoe ſerved him for a cradle. His mouth was ſo ſmall, that he could never ſuck his mother; a ſhe-goat was obliged to ſupply her place. He had no other nurſe than that animal, which ſeemed to entertain an affection for him.—He had the ſmall pox at ſix months, and the goats milk was his only nouriſhment, his only medicine. When eighteen months old, he began to ſpeak! at two years, he walked almoſt without aſſiſtance. It was then that his firſt ſhoes were made, which were 18 lines in length.—The homely fare of the peaſantry of the Voſges, as pulſe, bacon, and potatoes, was that of his childhood till he was ſix years old. In that period he was afflicted with ſeveral ſevere illneſſes, which he fortunately overcame. When arrived at five years of age, he had not attained a greater height than twenty-two inches, and this ſingularity was the occaſion of his good fortune

Staniſlaus, King of Poland, heard of this extraordinary child, and deſired to ſee him. He was ſent to Luneville, where he ſoon became an inmate in that palace of that beneficent monarch. Notwithſtanding the attention beſtowed on his education, it was impoſſible to diſcover in him either judgment or reaſon. Till the age of fifteen, Bebe had all his organs perfect, and his own diminutive figure poſſeſſed the moſt ſymmetrical proportions. He was then twenty nine inches in height. At this age, the ſigns of puberty began to appear: but theſe efforts of nature were prejudicial to him. The age of manhood diſturbed the former harmony, enervated his already frail and weakly frame, impoveriſhed his blood, and exhauſted his nerves. His powers diminiſhed, the ſpine of his back became curved, his head inclined, his legs waſted, one of his ſhoulder-bones projected, and his noſe increaſed in ſize. Bebe loſt his cheerfulneſs, and became a valetudinarian; he, however, grew four inches taller in the four ſucceeding years.

A REFLECTION.

THE ambitious deceive themſelves in propoſing an end to their ambition: that end, when attained, becomes a mean.

WEAKNESSES *of the celebrated* MONTESQUIEU.

THERE were many points about Monteſquieu's character very much beneath his genius. His weakneſſes with reſpect to gentility, his petty ambition, &c. were well known to every perſon within the circle of his acquaintance. When L'Eſprit des Lois appeared, it was attacked by numberleſs criticiſms, ſome bad and ſome tolerable, all of which he conſidered as too contemptible for ſatire: but there was one critique publiſhed by an eſtabliſhed literary character, containing many excellent remarks, which when Monteſquieu ſaw, drove him almoſt to deſpair. He waited on Madame de Pompadour, and entreated her to obtain its ſuppreſſion. She ſent for the printer, ordering him to bring her the whole edition. It was brought, and deſtroyed, with the exception of five copies.

INCENTIVES *to* ORIGINALITY.

WHAT glory to come near, what glory to reach, what glory (preſumptuous thought!) to ſurpaſs our predeceſſors! And is that then in nature abſolutely impoſſible; or is it not rather contrary to nature to fail in it? Nature herſelf ſets the ladder, all wanting is our ambition to climb; for by the bounty of nature we are as ſtrong as our predeceſſors; and by the favour of time (which is but another round in nature's ſcale) we ſtand on higher ground. As to the firſt, were they more than men, or are we leſs? Are not our minds caſt in the ſame mould with thoſe before the flood? The flood affected matter, mind eſcaped. As to the ſecond, though we are moderns, the world is an ancient—more ancient far than they whom they moſt admire filled it with their fame. Have we not their beauties, as ſtars, to guide; their defects, as rocks, to be ſhunned; the judgment of ages on both, as a chart, to conduct, and a ſure helm to ſteer us in our paſſage to greater perfection than their's? And ſhall we be ſtopped in our rival pretenſions to fame by this juſt reproof?

Genius is a maſter workman; learning is but an inſtrument, and an inſtrument, though moſt valuable, yet not always indiſpenſible. Heaven will not admit of a partner in the accompliſhment of ſome favourite ſpirits, but, rejecting all human means, aſſumes the whole to itſelf. Have not ſome, though not famed for erudition, ſo written as almoſt to perſuade us that they ſhone brighter, and ſoared higher, for eſcaping the boaſted aid of that proud ally? Too much awe for learning lays genius under reſtraint, and denies it that free ſcope, that full elbow-room, that is requiſite for ſtriking its moſt maſterly ſtrokes, and completing its grandeſt deſigns.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to J. Paſcal's Enigma, inſerted November 1.

OCCULT ATTRACTION is a pow'r divine,
Which philoſophic ſkill cannot define;
Since we cannot unveil the mighty cauſe,
Let us admire, with ſolemn awe, great nature's laws.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and H. Humphreys, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by R. Lampen, of Plymouth, to R. Berry's Rebus, inſerted November 8.

YOUR rebus, Sir, if right combin'd,
JANE is the woman's name you'll find.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; Pentreath; S. N. of Poole; T. Boult, of Exeter; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

Anſwer, by S. N. of Poole, to J. Paſcal's Rebus, inſerted November 8.

TO *Chat* is a thing not allow'd in a ſchool,
And *Ham* is a village adjoining to Poole;
When I join'd them together I found that you meant,
The town called CHATHAM, a ſea-port in Kent.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; Henry Humphreys, of Exeter; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; and J. Bloomfield, of Poole.

A REBUS, *by J. Gidley, Jun. of Dean Prior.*

FIRST find a king, a type of him,
Who reigns above the ſky;
A bird pray name, ye wits of fame,
That ſoars on pinions high;
The goddeſs ſire of induſtry;
A poet next explain;
And laſtly what the induſtrious bee
Doth labour to obtain:
Judiciouſly theſe, Sirs, combine,
My whole you'll inſtantly define.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Paſcal, of Briſtol.*

CONTEMPLATE the cottager's child,
As it wantonly plays in the glade,
In whoſe mien, with ſimplicity mild,
You will ſee me moſt clearly diſplay'd.
Or the ploughman who plods o'er the ſoil;
Or the maiden who trips with her pail;
Or the woodman returning from toil;
Or the huntſman who glides thro' the vale—
In all theſe I'm conſpicuouſly ſeen,
Yet 'tis known that with others I dwell;
Round the world too with ſome I have been,
As the pages of hiſtory tell,
I glad every heart it is known
From the beggar to George on his throne.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

NOVEMBER.

NOW gloomy clouds obſcure the ſky,
And chilly rain comes down;
A dreary proſpect meets the eye
At bleak November's frown.

The fields and groves, as in deſpair,
In ſilence ſeem to mourn;
No ſongſter chaunts his ditty there,
Nor fragrant flowers adorn.

Foil'd is their pride by blaſting ſtorms,
Whoſe unrelenting breath
At once a thouſand lovely forms
Sweeps to decay and death.

See, wreck'd along the rivulet's ſide,
The wither'd umbrage lie;
Each tree and ſhrub forget their pride,
And own a general ſigh.

A dreary dullneſs lowers around,
A proſpect waſte and wild;
Nature appears in ſadneſs drown'd,
That late ſo gaily ſmil'd.

Ah! now the change, the ſhepherd mourns—
The rural bard and ſwain;
From notes of mirth and pleaſure turns
To ſorrow's plaintive ſtrain.

Not ſo with me! gay ſummer's ſmile,
I find not to regret;
November's frowns can more beguile,
As liken'd to my fate.

Ah no! thoſe ſcenes of rural mirth
Are not ſuch ſcenes to me;
They rather give new ſorrows birth,
And aid my deſtiny.

The ſtorm that ſweeps the flower away,
That nature's pride removes,
That breathes the poiſon of decay,
And ſtrips the dingy groves—

Is but an emblem of the blaſt,
That pale misfortune blows,
My riſing hopes to blight and waſte,
And rob me of repoſe.

No longer ſportive pleaſures pleaſe,
To ſadden'd ſcenes I turn;
The moaning breeze, "the leafleſs "trees,"
Aſſiſt me while I mourn.

But ceaſe my grief, 'tis Heaven's decree,
I thus, perhaps, am bleſt,
For 'neath his ſovereign agency,
"Whatever is, is beſt."

November, 1802.

GEORGE ENGLAND.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Extempore Lines, ſent in a Whiting's Mouth, by a young Lady, nearly fourteen Years of Age, to her Father in the Country.

HONOUR'D SIR, I'm a fiſh,
Juſt popp'd from the water,
To be ſerv'd in a diſh
With butter thereafter.

Or, perhaps, may be broil'd,
Diſh'd with ketchup and ſoy;
And if I'm cook'd well
I ſhall give you much joy.

I know you like whiting
When pellucid like me;
I ſmell like a noſegay
Juſt freſh from the ſea.

CELIA.

SAY, fondly flutt'ring fooliſh heart,
What meant yon glance in Celia's eye?
Say, was my fair one loth to part,
When ſoft ſhe heav'd the tender ſigh?

Yes, yes, let me indulge the thought,
My Celia will at length be kind;
'Tis love the mighty change has wrought,
I ſaw him on her breaſt reclin'd.

He whiſper'd from the gentle ſigh,
In ſofteſt voice, ſhe was my own;
And ſpoke, in her blue gliſtening eye,
The ſpeech to lovers only known.

How bleſt with Celia to retire,
To ſome obſcure and friendly ſhade;
Nor know the cares, the madd'ning fire
That o'er ambition's boſom ſpread.

Afar

Afar from life's ignoble wiles,
With her I'll paſs my hours away;
And gaze upon the dimpled ſmiles
That on her lovely features play.

Soon as the ſpring its treaſure pours,
And vernal ſweets perfume the air,
I'll cull the gayeſt, choiceſt flowers,
To deck my Celia's golden hair.

Or wand'ring by ſome limpid ſtream,
That ſoftly murm'ring flows along;
We'll talk of love, our conſtant theme,
And liſten to the linnet's ſong.

How bleſt, when angry tempeſts play,
To fold her fondly to my breaſt;
To chaſe her trembling fears away,
And ſooth her gentle ſoul to reſt.

We'll jointly ſtroll, at evening's cloſe,
Together breathe the fragrant air;
In murmurs ſoft our joy diſcloſe,
With mutual love, our only care.

But ah—my fears—if fancy paints
A ſcene too flattering to my eyes;
If Celia ſhould refuſe my plaints,
And all my proffer'd love deſpiſe.

But no—'twas ſomething in her look,
Inform'd me that my fears were vain;
Her gentle nature could not brook
To tamper with her lover's pain.

Be ſtill, then, anxious flutt'ring heart,
'Twas love that gliſten'd in her eye;
I'm ſure my fair was loth to part,
When ſoft ſhe heav'd the tender ſigh.

PYTHIUS.

Thoughts on the Death of an Infant, ſent to a diſtreſſed Mother on loſing an only Child, ſixteenth Months old, on November 18, 1802, by a Clergyman on a Viſit to Bath.

AS opening roſes in the bud,
When cover'd o'er with dewy flood,
Look promiſing and gay:
So have I ſeen a tender plant,
Which neither care nor love did want,
Juſt flouriſhing as they.

Such roſes fair I view'd awhile,
Then with a pleaſant, grateful ſmile,
Admir'd their beauties much;
Yet little thought, tho' freſh and fair,
How tranſient all their colours were,
To wither with a touch.

Ah! why thought I ſhould they expoſe
The opening beauties of the roſe,
Yet quickly diſappear?
Why not expand their leaves and ſcent,
And ſhew their fragrant powers extent,
To tarry longer here?

But as I paus'd and reaſon'd too,
Behold the gard'ner came in view,
And with a ſmiling face,
Look'd well on all the plants around,
Among the opening ones he found
A bud he would diſplace.

Then with a gentle, tender hand,
No longer in its place to ſtand,
But to his boſom preſs'd:
Thus quickly chang'd its ſpot and ſoil,
From all its ſorrow, grief, and toil,
To an eternal reſt.

Ah! well thought I, if this be done,
Why ſhould I longer make my moan,
Or wiſh it back again;
Submiſſive bow to Heav'ns decree,
Tow'rds you and your's, for mine or me,
It cannot act in vain.

The deareſt pledge we fondly claſp,
With ardent love, and eager graſp,
Steals ſpeedily away;
So teach each parent how to prize
Thoſe gifts which are above the ſkies,
And laſt thro' endleſs day.

R. B.

TIME.—*By* MRS. HUNTER.

TIME may ambition's neſt deſtroy
Tho' on a rock 'tis perch'd ſo high;
May find dull av'rice in his cave,
And drag to light the ſordid ſlave;
But from affection's temper'd chain
To free the heart he tries in vain.

The ſculptur'd urn, the marbled buſt,
By time are crumbled with the duſt;
But tender thoughts the muſe has twin'd,
For love, for friendſhip's brow deſign'd,
Shall ſtill endure, ſhall ſtill delight,
Till time is loſt in endleſs night.

On the Death of Dr. Evans, the celebrated Worm Cake Compounder.

EVANS, of worm-deſtroying note,
With little folks who breed 'em,
Has all his life been pois'ning worms,
And now's conſign'd to feed 'em.

Thus 'twixt our doctor and his foes,
Accounts are pretty trim;
For many years he liv'd by thoſe,
And now they live by him.

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